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NATIONAL GALLERY—No. VIII.

TREES FROM NATURE, BY CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

This little picture, which, from its general outline and living aspect, leaves not a doubt of its being painted from nature, represents a group of trees, through the openings of which some rocky ground, and a rivulet, which breaks in one place into a small cascade, is observable. In the foreground

a goatherd is seated with his back to the beholder, playing upon his pipe, while some of his goats are feeding and others descending to the bank, in the direction of the channel of the brook. The sky, like the generality of those of Claude, is warm and full of lustre; and the fine light floating



clouds which he has introduced add much to the general effect. The figure of the goatherd is fairly designed, and the painter has happily thrown into the face an expression of that rural happiness and simplicity which characterize the shepherd.

"He sits, contentment in his looks; bliss in the song he breathes;
While nature and all of life participate in his joy."

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he evinced symptoms of that wonderful genius which afterwards rivetted the admiration of the world. He might be said to have been self-taught, for he had no master; but was occasionally aided by Agostino Tassi, the scholar of Paul Bril. Nature became his study, and from it he searched for true principles. At sunrise Claude was to be seen in the fields, sketching whatever he thought beautiful or striking; and at sunset, he was to be seen gazing, by the light of the crepuscule, at his day's performance. He marked in his sketches the different hues of light which every object assumed by a similar colour, and by this means he ultimately converted life to the canvas, and gave his landscapes the aspect of nature herself. Staudart relates, "that Claude, when walking through the fields, used to tell him, with the precision of a philosopher, the causes of the different appearances of the same prospect at different hours of the day, from the reflections or refractions of light, or from dews or vapours in the evening or morning. He was scrupulously attentive to the finishing of his pieces; and if the performance did not answer his idea, he would alter, deface, and repaint it several times, till it corresponded with the image pictured in his mind. One thing is remarkable in this painter; when in the fields, if perchance anything forced itself upon his imagination, he impressed it so strongly on his memory, that on returning home he never failed to execute it. His skies are admirable; his distances artistically carried out; his invention chaste and pleasing; his colouring delicate; and his tints have been imitated by all subsequent painters, but never surpassed. His figures, however, are rather indifferent, of which the painter was conscious, for he often engaged other artists to paint them for him. His pictures are scarce and of great value, no less a sum than two thousand guineas having been given for two of them a few years ago. Claude etched twenty-eight landscapes from his own compositions, which are spiritedly executed, and abundantly testify the hand of the master. This painter, whose works have earned for him an immortal name, died in the year 1682.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. VIII.

(Continued from p. 386.)

THE authors, or rather compilers, of elementary works, who recommend blisters, issues, or setons, and acoustic drops, afford no guide to the young practitioner as to the symptoms which might direct him in advising any or either of these applications,

and the reason is that they are incompetent to give any information on the subject; therefore, there are practitioners wholly unable from any knowledge of their own to supply the deficiency, and consequently prescribe blisters and acoustic drops indiscriminately to all who have the misfortune to consult them, the blisters to be repeated or kept open for three, four, or even six weeks, in almost every instance without affording the slightest relief to the unfortunate sufferer.

I have observed, that if a watch placed at the lower point of the mastoid process (the protuberant bone at the back of the ear) be distinctly heard, it affords a tolerable fair presumption that the cavernula within are not gorged with any mucous or pus-like secretion; consequently, that no application to that part is or was at all likely to afford relief.

Deleau, of Paris, in some instances, has employed small cones of prepared cotton wool, which being placed on the mastoid process with some adhesive substance, fired at the apex, allowed to burn down and cauterize the flesh, was a new method, according to his statement, of relieving deafness; but this is an old practice, to be found in ancient books on operative surgery, very similar to the moxa of the Chinese. Mr. Guthrie tried it in some diseases of the eye very much modified, and by means of a small tripod and blow-pipe, under complete control; and he allowed his instrument-maker to prepare one for me, but I am not certain that the operation was more beneficial than various embrocations which I have prescribed when the case appeared to warrant their use.

Persons in advanced life sometimes have deafness and noise in the ears from mere mechanical causes; this occurs when there is a collection of dry filmy substances, which irregularly fill one half or one third of the auditory passage from the drum upward. The deafness arises in these cases from the substance partially obstructing the entrance of sound, and the noises through the vibration occasioned by the air upon the fine filaments so in contact with the drum of the ear. The cure of these cases is very simple, requiring only a complete examination of the ear, the application of a proper lotion, and in due time the judicious use of the syringe. It is not always in old people alone that these filmy substances form, they are found in persons occasionally of all ages. I have one specimen which was coiled up in a young lady's ear, which I extracted in one piece and unrolled; it measures two inches and a half long, and is in places three eighths of an inch broad.

The cases of deafness commonly, but too often improperly, termed *nervous*, when occurring to female or male children up to

the age of about sixteen years, if treated in the manner I have described, carefully varied as may be requisite to suit existing circumstances, are very generally and permanently successful; from sixteen to twenty-two the proportion of females cured or relieved is less than that of males; from thence to sixty, I think, the proportions are equal: much depends upon habits of life, occupation of time, modes of living, constitution, diet, exercise, &c., &c.

These safe and reasonable modes of treatment, which I advocate and recommend, have elicited the approbation of many of the most eminent medical and surgical practitioners, during nearly thirty years past, who have placed their patients, friends, and nearest relatives, under my care, with perfect confidence that a reason could be given for every plan of relief suggested, and that there was no danger of their becoming the victims of any experimentalizing theories which are totally unauthorized by practical experience.

Kramer accuses Deleau of gross deception in receiving a considerable sum annually from the French institute for the instruction of four deaf-mutes; for which, Kramer states, Deleau has never performed any service whatsoever. Kramer then goes on to assert that there never was even one person who had been born deaf and dumb cured by *any practitioner whatsoever*.

Like most of Kramer's assertions, this is easily shewn to be erroneous. In 1830 I presented petitions, through his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and Thomas Whitmore, Esq., M.P., in which I prayed to be allowed to prove, at the bar of both houses, that I was the *first and only* person in this country, or on the Continent, who had ever succeeded in giving the sense of hearing, and consequent faculty of speech, to children born deaf and dumb, all *pretended* successful cases advertised by other persons having failed of substantiation.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

THE LUMBER-ROOM:

A TALE OF AN OLD ENGLISH HALL.

They say this room is haunted, and the keys
Of this old harpsichord are wander'd o'er
By once familiar fingers; melodies
Of mournfulness linger, as heretofore,
'Mid these corroding strings; and ah! yet more,
Sweep o'er their music orisons and voluntaries
Of old church theme, some delicate quaint of lore.
An ancient horologe stands there in vain:
Its long lean finger has grown still and dead;
Its fair enamel face is dark with stain
Of mildew spots, that slowly have o'erspread
And blotted out time's records; and its chain
Hangs where of old it snapp'd; while well has sped
The spider's darksome craft, thick woven with
many a thread.

They say it seems to strike with dully tone,
As though a spirit came at times to mock
The lifeless relic—or, as thou hast known,
The sullen clank of rusty old church clock,
Far o'er the water flung with shiv'ring shock
Upon the ear of one benighted lone;
Or as the chink of chisel on the block—
Sculpturing hour-glass, scythe, and morthead
grim,—
Falls on the mourner's heart like passing-bell;
Or as the wayfarer, with trembling limb,
Lists how the canker'd gibbet-irons knell
The murderer's requiem for a churchyard hymn.
Such the old tales that of this room they tell—
Such the vague shadowy sounds of superstition's
spell.

Long gathered, here are thrown confusedly,
Decaying, faded, and forgotten things:—
Old-fashion'd mirrors framed in ebony,
But marr'd and run in streaks, where scant'ly
clings
The silv'ry plating; strange imaginings
Gleam o'er them, conjured up by fantasy,
That shuddering shrinks. The marks are here of
rings,
Tall, old, and heavy, that were deeply shrined
In these quaint caskets, wreathen fine and fair,
With silver filagree, and velvet lined;
Now, like sarcophagus long rifed, there
Unhallow'd hands have been, and left behind
But one long lock of damp'd and mildew'd hair—
O'er this tears sure were shed—o'er this sigh'd
many a prayer!

Dark damask, tapestry, and stiff brocade,
Lie mouldering where, with hilt, and ring and
chain,
Enchased, and brilliant cut in stars, is laid
An old court sword; they say a ruddy stain
Is ever there, and armourer in vain
Should seek to furbish o'er its ancient blade
Long rusted in its sheath, that, wrench'd amain,
Quits not its hold. A mouse her nest, I ween,
In that huge wig, once powder'd full and curl'd,
Dishevelled now, has made. Yond, yawns a screen,
That liveried serving-men of old unfurl'd
With toil at eve; with oriental mien,
There mandarins, with fan and hookah twirl'd;
Muse yet 'mid groves of gold, grown in far
Eastern world.

Settee, 'scrutoire, and heavy high-back'd chair,
With relics heterogeneous littered o'er,
Stand shrouded thick with dust; how it came
there,
Where not a foot has cross'd the oaken floor,
So dense and dusky gathering evermore,
Time knows—he slowly strews the dim grey layer
On cabinets with old worm-eaten door—
On massive volumes closed with lock and bar;
Moth-fretted are they all that once were bound
In velvet, stamp'd and wrought with shield and
star
Of silvery gleam, long set on this old ground—
On China's tiniest cups, and topling jar—
On spur and horn, and collar of the hound—
“A household wreck” is here—in fragments
strew'd around.

Walls ruthless bared, and portraits thrown by,
A mournful tale might tell of scenes that they
Have looked upon. The echo of a sigh
Lingers among them. Some are gaunt and grey,
Like massive ruins frowning 'mid decay;
Some passing beautiful, though brow, and eye,
Lip, cheek, and hair, are fading day by day;
Where jewels lurk the while, with glowworm
gleam,
On tarnish'd satin, and on velvet fold,
Mocking the wearers—like some olden dream
Of chivalry, glare others through the mould,
Slow creeping over plate and mail, that seem
To glimmer with a radiance calm and cold,
Like moonlight waning white on a wide wintry
wold.

The lightest touch would crumble it to dust—
 This spectral skeleton was once a flower,
 Embalm'd with sighs, and treasured up in trust,
 Through many a dark and desolated hour,
 By one—this room was once a lady's bower—
 A fair frail thing—alas! that blight and rust
 Should settle on her name, whose richest dower
 Was innocence—what booked rank's array
 Or semblance of a crown on that young brow,
 Whence honour's chaplet all had dropp'd away?
 And she, 'trent from the parent-stem, must bow,
 An unresisting victim, to decay,
 Full soon to die; but few knew where or how;—
 If then a penitent, maybe an angel now!

She vanish'd from this long-accustom'd room—
 She that once seem'd like sunlight where she came—

She vanish'd; and the stillness of the tomb
 Settled upon this mansion, where her name
 They spake no more; in silence and in shame,
 That like a canker ate through bud and bloom,
 Her lady mother droop'd; a smouldering flame
 Fed on her father's heart; on this tall staff
 He feebly lean'd, while ever at his side
 Her shadow glided, and her merry laugh,
 Mocking his misery, echo'd o'er the wide
 Old terrace, where, as pleading in behalf
 Of its loved mistress lost, a spaniel cried,
 Till answering tears were wrung from that stern
 heart of pride.

He thought he could forgive,—could he forget
 The blot upon his genealogy,
 Unblemish'd till she fell? But ah! they met,
 He and that one of sinful sophistry,—
 A murderer then, that father's sword was wet
 When he unlink'd its chain of foreign fret,
 And flung it from him, gazing sullenly,
 Then turn'd and fled, an outlaw,—whither none
 Might ever know; till a grey beggar-man
 Came sauntering where lay basking in the sun
 An aged spaniel eking out its span,
 While a fair boy that watch'd it bent to shun
 The stranger's startling gaze, then eager ran
 To seek for him an alms ere yet his tale began.

That child was *hers*! Against the terrace wall
 The beggar trembling lean'd, and seem'd to stand
 Waiting a dole beneath that haughty hall;
 Anon he stoop'd to stroke with palsied hand
 The old blind spaniel. Utterly unmann'd
 Was that poor wanderer. At his feeble call
 The dog crept on, though sightless, for it scann'd
 By scent and voice him unforgetten, come,
 Driven as it were a shatter'd wreck ashore,
 Where that fond creature, eloquent though dumb,
 Tender'd its mournful welcome o'er and o'er;
 Albeit its limbs were rigid grown, and numb,
 It raised its head to lick his hand once more,
 Unknowing that he lay dead at his own home door!

Then blight and bane fell fast upon the place.
 An heir-at-law with legal writs came there;
 And he that bore *her* maiden name and face,
 Alas! unsanction'd all by rite and prayer,
 Was shelter'd in a cot, thenceforth to wear
 A peasant's raiment; and he grew apace,
 Fed by an aged nurse that toil'd to share
 Her pittance with him—and that meekly led
 The boy, unknowing of the brand of birth,
 To bless His hand that gave their daily bread—
 His only Father or in heaven or earth—
 And taught him texts and hymns—and weeping
 said
 Her heart was all too heavy yet for mirth—
 Her Bible's promises, scarce yet she *felt* their
 worth.

No friend had he but her; and if she died,
 No home beyond her little humble cot.
 A parish-boy!—she shudder'd, and she sigh'd.
 Alas! oh! who could say how hard his lot
 In desperation driven from the spot:
 Maybe to sin;—but ah! God would provide

For him and her. Although she mark'd it not,
 "A worm was in the bud;" and that bright bloom,
 So beauteous on her foster-child's fair cheek,
 Was but the *ignis fatuus* of the tomb.
 Too proud to beg, too sorrowful to seek
 For parish aid, she kneel'd in death's lone room,
 And closed his eyes and lips that seem'd to speak,
 Though dead, of *Christ* and Heaven,—why had
 her faith been weak?

REINELM.

AUTHORESSES VERSUS AUTHORS.

BY A LADY.

(Concluded from p. 388.)

WE will now proceed to name some authoresses who, in our opinion, as far as their female characters are concerned, have triumphed over their male competitors. As we have passed over Richardson in silence, so shall Miss Burney be dismissed unheard; and we will at once select two characters from Miss Edgeworth's last novel, *Helen*, as very much to the purpose, in illustrating that strength in weakness—that virtue in wickedness, which we have before mentioned as forming so remarkable a feature of a woman's mind. Helen Stanley, and Lady Cecilia Clarendon, are our two examples. The one—well-educated, well-principled, and endowed with a full share of that substantial common-sense which Miss Edgeworth is so fond of bestowing upon her favourites,—is, after all, anything but a "faultless monster," or the cold, calculating, experienced, "*demoiselle bien élevée*" into which such a conception would have been worked by most male novelists. We perceive—despite her claims to our respect—the weakness of an inferior nature peeping out, at first in trifles, and subsequently, in matters of a graver cast, and which is only overcome by sorrows and struggles. She indulged beyond her means in the fripperies of dress, and the resignation of her trinkets was a sacrifice, the mention of which by man, according to his ideal of woman, would, doubtless, have been either exalted into a deed of heroism, deserving some extravagant encomium, or passed over in silence, as a trifle unworthy of attention; whereas our authoress contents herself with a concise and simple commendation. Helen's devotion to her friend, great in the deed, was unworthy in the principle; she assisted her, though unwittingly, in deceiving her husband; she confined her mind in a prison of cobwebs, from which, with feeble effort, it might have escaped, and bitterly was she visited by anxieties, illness, and the defalcation of her lover, for this error. Hers was the weakness in strength.

Turn we now to Lady Cecilia;—with the best intentions in the world, she committed a hundred follies, two or three serious faults. Everything, with her, was a sentiment—no—

thing a principle; with discernment, clearly shewing her what was her duty—with good feeling prompting her to follow it—she yet wavered, hesitated, equivocated, and, at last, lied; she sacrificed the happiness of an innocent person, her dearest friend, abhorring herself all the time for the deed, which, when done, was an ample atonement—an act of virtue which bordered upon wickedness. Many other examples might be adduced, from the pens of Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Norton, and Mrs. Gore; the "Female Domination" of the latter is admirably adapted to display the almost masculine resolution and firmness of an otherwise weak and frivolous girl, when roused by feelings of love. We have often observed a similarity between the writings of Bulwer and those of L. E. L.; there are the same brilliant aphorisms, the same vaguely expressed hints at disappointment and misery, the same flights into the region of transcendentalism—of course shorter and more feeble on the lady's side, but in which both rashly approaching too near the sun of Truth, are blinded and scorched by its rays, and share a similar fate with Icarus, tumbling headlong into a sea of difficulties. Let us institute a comparison between Constance, the heroine in Bulwer's *Godolphin*, and Lady Marchmont, the leading character in the novel of L. E. L., called *Ethel Churchill*. Both these heroines are fearful warnings that—

"Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love."

Both endeavoured—the one in compliance with a father's dying command, the other with an uncle's instructions—to crush the natural yearnings after affection implanted in the female bosom, and to devote themselves, as willing victims, on the altar of ambition; both were beautiful and intellectual, and both married for rank and wealth, despising their husbands, and loving other men at the same time. With the moral of this we will not interfere, but merely follow our two novelists in their conceptions of what a woman's conduct would be under such circumstances. First, we would observe, that such a being as Constance, in real life, with her excessive pride and coldness,—the latter not a gift of nature, but the result of her pride,—however much she might have longed to turn the condescension of the great into homage, would never have sought to retaliate the insults which she fancied she had received. This is a mistake similar to that we have already observed as existing in the conception of Nina di Raselli. The remark of Bacon, that "wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing," is yet truer if it be said of a woman; Constance, after weeping and doubting and

wondering during Godolphin's passionate declaration, at its conclusion, nevertheless, rejects him; her hesitation in his favour was but for a moment, and we sorrow that her firm mind refuses to admit the sophistical reasoning that, in consenting to be his she might yet comply with her father's adoration of humbling the aristocracy, by raising him, already on its threshold, to a yet higher grade, herself at once his inspiration and reward. But no, she destroys the happiness of both, and marries the Earl of Erpingham. This done, she is described as pursuing the even tenor of her way, calm and unmoved; plunging into state intrigues, she devotes herself to revenge and ambition, and yet she is all the while represented as preserving the memory of her first and only disinterested attachment to Godolphin. Such a woman, in real life, would indeed be a *lusus nature*. Having once surmounted her love for Godolphin, she would not have preserved even its remembrance with interest; but even granting her capability to have done this, how different would have been the results; to ascertain what these would have been, we must have recourse to the pages of L. E. L. That writer would have described disappointment in the midst of completed hopes—anxiety and fear in the midst of success—sorrow in the hours of joy, and a frightful, exciting, and delusive joy, even in moments of distress; there would have been a broken heart, or despair and madness, as a final catastrophe. The intellectual powers of Constance would but have served to augment the misery of her situation, and expose the hollowness of her motives. Like Lady Marchmont, she was irreligious; it was an excess of pride, and not principle, that preserved Constance from immorality, in that only sense of the word in which the world condemns a woman as immoral; it was an excess of disappointed vanity, and not love, that caused Lady Marchmont to fall. In fine, terrific and revolting as is the catastrophe, in the case of Lady Marchmont, we are of opinion that it is more true to nature, more likely to have occurred, than any of the latter part of Lady Erpingham's career.

Bulwer with justice observes—"What luxury so dear to a woman as the sense of dependence;" but to Constance that luxury would have been dearer than to Lucilla. Look round society; is it not the weak, or the vain, or the frivolous, who are most exacting, tyrannical, and capricious, to their lovers? a sceptre being to them so novel a plaything, that in their delight at obtaining one, they yield it untiringly. In conclusion, we venture to express a hope that these remarks may be received in the same good-humoured spirit in which they have been penned, conscious as we are that

any failure on the side of the authors is to be attributed to ignorance and not to inclination—we do not call their gallantry in question; but of the powerful writer of whose works we have made most frequent mention, we would ask, will he not forgive us for having an opinion? “the want of which” he somewhere declares to be the “most general want in the world.”

F. A. H.

Le Feuillet of French Literature.

“THE RHINE.”

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF “SKETCHES IN FRANCE,” ETC.

LETTER XXIV.—(Concluded.)

AFTER leaving the slaughter-house, we enter a large square, worthy of Flanders, and which excites the curiosity of all travellers. It comprises all the styles of architecture of the Renaissance, and is ornamented according to the taste of the epoch. Near the middle of the square are two fountains—the one of the Renaissance, and the other of the eighteenth century, upon the tops of which are the statues of Minerva and Judith, the Homeric *virago* and the biblical one; the former bearing the head of Medusa, the latter that of Holofernes.

Opposite this fountain is the Roemer, where emperors were proclaimed. I entered, and wandered along a large hall, with a long staircase, then amongst innumerable corridors. After visiting the elector's hall, I came to the collegiate church of Frankfurt, which is dedicated to St. Bartholémy. In the nave are various marble statues, and in the choir several very fine paintings.

Wishing to ascend the steeple, I clambered up a narrow staircase, which led me to the platform of Pfarrthurm. The view here was charming. Over my head was a lovely sun; at my feet, the town of Frankfurt; to my left, the Roemer; and to my right,

the black and narrow street of the Jews. Whilst buried in a profound reverie, the clouds gathered above me, and, chased by the wind, rolled about the heavens, covering and uncovering at each instant shreds of azure, while heavy drops of rain began to fall upon the earth, and lightning to flash from the heavens. I thought I was alone upon the tower, and would have remained there all day, but suddenly a rustling noise startled me, and on looking round, I perceived a young girl, about fourteen years of age, looking at me from a small window. I advanced a few steps, and after passing the angle of the Pfarrthurm, I found myself amongst the inhabitants of the steeple—a little world, smiling and happy. A young girl was knitting; an old woman, probably her mother, spinning; doves were cooing on the top of the steeple; and an hospitable monkey, on perceiving me, extended its little hand from the bottom of its cage. Add to this the peace of elevated places, where nothing is heard but the murmuring of the winds, and from whence we see the beauty of the surrounding country. In a part of the tower the old woman had made a fire, on which she was cooking a humble repast. How this little family came there, and for what end, I do not know; but they interested me much. This proud city, once engaged in so many wars; this city, which dethroned so many Caesars; this city, whose walls were like an armour, is at present crowned by the hearth of a poor old woman.

LETTER XXV.

THE RHINE.

Mayence, October 1.

THE Rhine assumes all aspects—at one time broad, then narrow. It is transparent, tranquil, and rapid; it is a torrent at Schaffouse, a gulf at Laufen, a river at Sickingen, a flood at Mayence, a lake at St. Goar, and a marsh at Leyde.

The Rhine is calm—at least, so it said towards evening, and appears as if sleeping—a phenomenon more apparent than real, and which is visible upon all great rivers. The part of the Rhine the most celebrated and admired, the most curious for the historian, and the loveliest for the poet, is that which traverses, from Bingen to Königswinter, that dark chaos of volcanic mounts which the Romans termed the *Alpes des Cattes*.

From Mayence to Bingen, as from Königswinter to Cologne, there are seven leagues of rich smiling plains, with handsome villages, on the river's brink; but the great *encuissement* of the Rhine begins at Bingen by the Rupertsberg and Niederwald, and terminates at Königswinter at the feet of the Seven Mountains.

At each turning of the river, a group of



houses—a town or borough—develops itself, with a huge tower in ruins peering over it. These hamlets present an imposing aspect: young women are seen busily washing and singing, with children playing round them; the basketmaker at work on the door-step of his hut; the fisherman mending his net in his boat; and, above their heads, the sun ripening the vine upon the hill;—all perform what God has ordered, man as well as the orb of day.

At the time of the Romans and of the barbarians the Rhine was termed the “street” of soldiers. In the middle ages, when the river was bordered with ecclesiastical states, and, from its source to its mouth, was under the control of the abbot of Saint Gall, the bishops of Constance, Bale, Spire, Worms, the archbishop-electors of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne, the Rhine was called the “street of the priests;” at present it is that of the merchants.

The traveller who ascends the river sees it, so to speak, coming to him, and then the hut is full of charms. At each instant he meets something which passes him; at one time, a vessel crowded with peasants, especially if it be Sunday; at another, a steam-boat; then a long, two-masted vessel, laden with merchandise, its pilot attentive and serious, its sailors busy, with women seated near the door of the cabin; here, a heavy-looking boat, dragging two or three after it; there, a little horse drawing a huge bark, as an ant drags a dead beetle. Suddenly there is a winding in the river; and formerly, on turning, an immense raft, a floating-house, presented itself, the oars splashing on both sides. On the ponderous machine were cattle of all kinds, some bleating and others bellowing, when they perceived the heifers peaceably grazing on the banks. The master came and went, looked at this, then at that, while the sailors busily performed their respective duties. A whole village seemed to live on this float, on this prodigious construction of fir.

It is, perhaps, difficult to imagine such an island of wood coming and going from Narny to Dordrecht, along the windings and turnings, the falls and serpentine meanderings of the Rhine. Wrecks, it is true, frequently took place, which gave rise to the saying, “that a float-merchant ought to have three capitals—the first upon the Rhine, the second on land, and the third in his pocket.” The conducting of each of these enormous constructions was left entirely in the charge of one man. At the end of the last century, the great *maitre flottage* of Rudesheim was called “Old Jung.” He died: since that time these great floats have disappeared.

At present, twenty-five steamers are now engaged on the Rhine, nineteen of which

belong to the Cologne Steam Company, and are constantly plying from Strasburg to Dusseldorf; they are known by their white and black funnels. The remaining six belong to the Dusseldorf Company, which have tri-coloured funnels, and ply from Mayence to Rotterdam. The ancient mode of navigating the Rhine, which was by vessels with sails, contrasts strangely with the present. The steam-boats, with life in their appearance, rapid, comfortable, and painted with the colours of all nations, have for invocation the names of princes and of cities; Ludwig II., Gross, Herzog von Hessen, Königin Victoria, Herzog von Nassau, Prinzessin Mariann, Gross Herzog von Baden, Stadt Mannheim, Stadt Coblenz. The sailing-vessels glide slowly along, and have at their prows grave and reverential names, such as Pius, Columbus, Amor, Sancta Maria, Gratia Dei; the steam-boat is varnished and gold-lettered; the sailing-boat is bedaubed with pitch. The one pursues its way from place to place, beseeching of men; the other continues its course in prayer. The one depends upon man; the other has placed its reliance on God—food, and that which is the gift of Heaven, being its cargo.

From Cologne to Mayence there are forty-nine islands, covered with thick verdure, which hide the smoking roofs, and shade the barks in their charming havens, each bearing some secret *souvenir*. Graupenwerth, where the Hollanders constructed a fort and called it “The Priest’s Bonnet;” Pfaffenmuth, a fort that the Spaniards took, and gave it the name of “Isabella;” Graswerth, the island of grass, where Jean Philippe de Reichenberg wrote his “Antiquitates Saynenses;” Niederwerth, formerly so rich with the gifts of the Margrave Archbishop, Jean II.; Urmitzer Insel, which was well-known to Cæsar; and Nonnenswerth, the frequented spot of Roland.

The souvenirs of the banks of the Rhine seem to have responded to those of the islands, and whatever took place on one side was sure to have given rise to something else on the opposite one. Permit me to run over a few of them. The coffin of Saint Nizza, granddaughter of Louis-le-Debonnaire, is at Cologne; the tomb of Saint Ida, cousin of Charles Martel, is at Cologne. St. Genevieve lived in the woods at Fraunkirch, near a mineral fountain, which is still seen, adjoining a chapel that was built to her memory. It was Schinderhannes, who, with a pistol in his hand, forced a band of Jews to take off their shoes; then, after mixing them, ordered each person to take the first pair he could find and be off, for he would put the last to instant death. The terrified Jews did so, and fled precipitately, some

stumbling, others limping and hobbling, making a strange clattering noise, which excited the laughter of Jean l'Ecorcheur.

When the traveller has passed Coblenz, and left behind him the graceful island of Oberwerth, the mouth of the Lahn strikes his attention. The sight here is admirable. The two crumbling towers of Johanniskirch, which vaguely resemble Jumieges, rise, as it were, from the water's brink. To the right, above the borough of Capellen, the magnificent fortress of Stolzenfels stands upon the brow of a huge rock; and to the left, at the bottom of the horizon, the clouds and the setting sun mingle with the sombre ruins of Lahneck, which abound with enigmas for the historian, and *tenebres* for the antiquary. On each side of the Lahn is a pretty town, Niederlahnstein and Oberlahnstein, which seem smiling at each other. A few stone-throws from the oriental gate of Oberlahnstein, the trees of an orchard disclose, and at the same time hide, a small chapel of the fourteenth century, which is surmounted by a mean-looking steeple. The deposition of Wencesles took place here.

In front of this chapel, upon the opposite bank, is ancient Königsstuhl, which, not more than half a century ago, was the seat of royalty, and where the emperors were elected by the seven electors of Germany. At present, four stones mark the place where it formerly stood. After leaving this place, the traveller proceeds towards Braubach, passes Boppard, Welmich, Saint Goar, Oberweesell, and suddenly comes to an immense rock, surmounted by an enormous tower on the right bank of the river. At the base of the rock is a pretty little town with a Roman church in the centre; and opposite, in the middle of the Rhine, is a strange, oblong edifice, whose back and front resemble the prow and poop of a vessel; and whose large and low windows are like hatches and port-holes.

This tower is the Gutenfels; this town is Caub; this stonemanship, eternally on the Rhine, and always at anchor, is the Palace or Pfalz. To enter this symbolic residence, which is built upon a bank of marble, called "the rock of the Palatine counts," we must ascend a ladder that rests upon a drawbridge, and which is still to be seen.

From Taunus to the Seven Mountains there are fourteen castles on the right bank of the river, and fifteen upon the left, making in all twenty-nine, which bear the *souvenirs* of volcanoes, the traces of war, and the devastations of time. Four of these castles were built in the eleventh century — Ehrenfels, by the archbishop of Siegfried; Stahleck, by the counts Palatine; Sayn, by Frederick, first count of Sayn, and van-

quisher of the Moors of Spain; and the others at a later period.

This long and double row of venerable edifices, at once poetic and military, which bear upon their front all the epochs of the Rhine, every one having its sieges and its legends, begins at Bingen, by the Ehrenfels on the right, and by the Rat Tower on the left, and finishes at Königswinter, by the Rolandseck on the left and the Drachenfels on the right.

The number which I have given only includes those castles which are on the banks of the Rhine, and which every traveller will see in passing; but should he explore the valleys and ascend the mountains, he will meet a ruin at every step; and if he ascend the Seven Mountains, he will find an abbey, Schomberg, and six castles, — the Drachenfels, Wolkenburg, Lowenberg, Nonnestromberg, and the Elberg, the last of which was built by Valentinian, in the year 368.

In the plain near Mayence is Frauenstein, which was built in the 12th century, Scharfenstein and Greifenklau; and on the Cologne side is the admirable castle of Godesberg.

These ancient castles which border the Rhine, these colossal bounds, built by *Feodalité* upon its banks, fill the country with reveries and pleasant associations. They have been mute witnesses of bygone ages; have been prominent features in great actions; and their walls have echoed with the cries of war and the murmurings of peace. They stand there like eternal monuments of the dark dramas which, since the tenth century, have been playing on the Rhine. They have witnessed, so to speak, monks of all orders, men of all ranks, and there is not an historical fact in the lives of those men who played a prominent part on the Rhine that is not designed on their venerable walls. They have listened to the voice of Petrarch; they saw, in 1415, the eastern bishops, proud and haughty, going to the assembly of divines of Constance, to try Jean Huss; in 1431, going to the council of Bale, to depose Eugene IV.; and, in 1519, to the diet of Worms, to interrogate Luther; they witnessed, floating on the Rhine, the body of Saint Werner, who fell a martyr to the Jews in 1287. In fact, all great events, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, that transpired on the banks of this flood have, as it were, come under their notice. They are mute recorders of the things that were — of Pepin, of Charlemagne, of Charles the Fifth, and of Napoleon. All the great events which time after time shook and frightened Europe, have, like the lightning's flash, lightened up these old walls. At present, it is the moon and the sun which shed their light upon these

ancient edifices, famed in story, and gnawed by time, whose walls are falling stone by stone into the Rhine, and whose dates are fast dwindling into oblivion.

O noble towers! O poor, paralyzed giants! A steam-boat filled with merchants and with peasants, when passing, hurls its smoke in your faces!

End of the Rhine.

New Books.

The House Decorator and Plumbers' Guide.
By H. W. and A. Arrowsmith.

THE authors of the above work are decorators, of some name, by profession, and these designs for decorating apartments will assuredly add to their reputation. No gentleman, ambitious of exhibiting good taste in fitting up the interior of his mansion, should be without this "Guide;" for how often do we see the most preposterous violation of style and chronology in the furniture or fittings-up of an elegant house in consequence of some monitor like this not being at hand to suggest attention to those matters of detail not unlikely to be lost sight of amidst apparently more important matters.

Miscellaneous.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY POLITICALLY AND COMMERCIAL ADVANTAGEOUS TO GREAT BRITAIN.

(By a late Resident in the West Indies, and Traveller in the United States.)

I WITNESSED the astonishment of the coloured people of Philadelphia, when they heard of the participation of equal rights and privileges afforded all classes and complexions of inhabitants under the British Government: and well might they be astonished in a land where dark and fair skins are not even allowed equal privileges of approaching their common Creator; and the house of the white man's prayer would be held contaminated and defiled by the black man's worship. My communications with them, slender as they were, and the earnest inquiries they made relative to the distinctions of colour in the English colonies, were enough to suggest the important and proud position in which the abolition of slavery and its attendant measures have placed Great Britain. In fact, England has opened an asylum for the suffering sons of Africa in every quarter of the globe—for the negro rescued from the slave-ship, and the victim of prejudice in civilized communities. By putting down the aristocracy of colour, by establishing equal

rights without reference to the tint of the skin, by the utter extinction of slavery with its train of debasing associations, she invites the many outcasts of prejudice and slaves of lawless power to the protection of her just laws and impartial government, there to unite their energies with the vigour of a free people,—to improve their intellectual and moral condition in the world,—to participate in the equal ministration of the offices, and equal distribution of the instruction of our holy religion,—and to cultivate the happiness temporal and eternal, which it is the natural right of every man to pursue. And such a position may not be held of small account. It has been the foundation of great results in all ages of history. Almost in our own time the United States themselves, whose hard measure tramples on the freedom of the man of colour in the land of liberty, have wrested themselves from the grasp of a powerful kingdom, and grown from a dependency of 900,000 inhabitants to a mighty nation of 16,000,000 of people, by professing principles which they abjure in the case of the negro.

But Great Britain challenges this glorious distinction, that she offers real liberty, the true asylum of equal rights, without either the robberies of ancient Rome, or the blood of contest inseparable from the independence of the United States. In unalloyed benevolence she renews the lesson so hard to be understood, that what is best is also most wise, and that to vindicate the rights of suffering humanity is the most successful as well as the most generous policy, however degraded and prostrate may be the sufferer, however debased in the eyes of the world be the object of generous interference.

The success of this policy is as sure as its generosity; not, indeed, in the condition of property in the West India Colonies—its temporary depression is, perhaps, the price of other advantages—but in the clog that is felt about the neck of every nation that owns a slave, if she assumes an attitude of enmity or menace against one who will not recognise the name. When a French minister recently threatened to invade our peace, the first obstacle he felt the necessity of removing was French slavery; and commissioners were deputed to the French colonies to prepare its abolition. And now every bluster of transatlantic enmity carries on its wings the disaffected cries of millions, who invite our aid to break their shackles and redress their wrongs. This neutralizes the violence of every storm. This bids the tempest rage impotently in their native wilds.

Although Great Britain suffers in the losses of the few who are proprietors, she

gains immense advantages in the happiness of the many, who thus become the most loyal subjects of her crown. Who can call to mind the military establishments necessary to coerce the slaves, the rebellion, in spite of those establishments, so recently as in 1831 and 1832, the horrors alike of its outbreak and its suppression, and not congratulate himself that military coercion is no longer necessary, that rebellion is no longer apprehended, that the insurgents against constituted authority are rendered the most loyal upholders of the sovereign power? Property is gradually passing from the hands of absent proprietors to those of residents; and changing its features in the subdivision of the large estates, that absorbed all care and industry under the former system. Small pieces of land are now sold to a new class of agriculturists, that has been called into recent existence. Attention has been directed to new resources of the soil. New branches of industry have arrested consideration. New villages have sprung up in districts before untenanted. And though the losses of former proprietors cannot be denied, it may be questioned whether the depression of property at large will prove to have been more than temporary, and such as is incidental to its transition from a weak and failing to a more healthy state. The increase of the internal trade of the colonies, and of the consumption of imports, must be another source of congratulation to the nation at large. The retailer, that formerly confined his enterprise to the chief towns, has now spread out his arms, and planted his magazines throughout the fertile valleys and mountains, in which a population is establishing itself. The improved condition, and new wants, and consequent consumption of the labouring classes, is producing a trade that of itself affords a stimulus to mercantile enterprise, and a provision to hundreds of manufacturers, retailers, and workmen. Every new village, every cross-road, and many a mountain path has its recently erected shop, where the negro is supplied in a sort of barter for the provision he raises from the soil. In the towns, too, are found some evidences of the energy and vigour of freedom, however the cultivation of sugar and coffee partially fails. However palmy the days of slavery, they produced neither public buildings, public institutions, nor private enterprise, equal to the present in other departments than those of the old staples of the colonies. Other mills than those for extracting the juice of the sugarcane, and steam-engines, and butcheries, and bakeries have sprung up that were unknown before. Amusement has not been forgotten; new theatres have been built, and Italian operas performed. Prisons and

prison discipline, streets and court-houses, have been rebuilt or improved. New judges have been appointed, the administration of justice and of police amended. The code of laws has been revised. The spirit of inquiry and reformation has been directed to the old inefficient institutions. Churches and schools have been erected: popular education has made rapid strides, and an increased respect for religious ordinances has been evinced by the multitudes who have learned to flock to the temple of God.

In the present state of the Western World, war with the United States would open to us the gates of an empire only less valuable than our possessions in the East—an empire founded on opinion in its best and greatest sense—the opinion of our equity as well as of our power. An empire, too, founded on what they would esteem their ruin; though, probably, it might prove no loss, but their greatest gain. It has been proposed to land upon their coasts, to supply their slaves with arms, to bid them rise upon their masters, and give birth to a war of extermination revolting to humanity. This would but unnecessarily disgrace a just cause. The slaves would make but poor soldiers, and perhaps fly at the sound only of the whips of new Amazons. It would but inflict misery without a prospect of good. It would be shedding blood, and letting loose fire and carnage upon a distant land, only to provoke a just retaliation in our own. But there are other means of conducting a war of justice against oppression, that would be more effective in subduing the oppressors, in relieving the oppressed, and conferring advantage on those who relieve them. Our colonies in the West are not peopled. Jamaica could sustain a million of inhabitants, if a million were there to cultivate her rich mountains and woods. Jamaica in cultivation, with a million of inhabitants, would be of three times the value to Great Britain that she is half in cultivation with 350,000. Transport from the Carolina and Louisiana the willing emigrants who there are slaves; and bid them be loyal subjects of the British Crown. The slave would be freed; and he would not find the recollections of his former slavery so sweet as to rebel against the government that sets him free, and the power that protects him from being again reduced by his former masters. The slaveholder, too, would be deprived of a strong inducement to the unilateral application of his theories, and would see with other eyes as he became divested of his slaves. His interests would become those of the emancipators; and he would recognise the folly and injustice of a war against the rights even of negro men. Nor is it Jamaica alone that might derive advantage from

such migrations in event of war. On the main land are wide and fertile tracts, the great difficulty in reaping the wealth of which consists in the impracticability of cultivating them by European labour. The negro will provide for his own sustenance, if he does not like to make sugar for an employer. England has strength enough to check rapine and disorder. And, to say the least, a dense population would afford the better prospect of supplying labour equal to the demand of large proprietors. Colonies of millions must be more valuable than colonies of thousands. And if the title of possession in the Bay of Honduras should raise scruples in tenancing the regions adjacent to Belize, there yet remain in Demerara lands to occupy the free industry of a large portion of the two millions and a half of slaves ready to migrate from the miscalled land of liberty.

There can be no question of the efficacy of such a scheme, if fully carried out; there can be no question of its humanity, and little, probably, to an Englishman, of the benefit it would bestow on the three parties mainly concerned. It would greatly benefit the slave owner of the United States (whatever he might urge to the contrary) to put him in a position of less moral temptation and blindness, so that he might more easily discover what is due to other men as well as to himself: it would abolish slavery in that country, to which of all others it is the deepest disgrace: it would confer freedom on the slave: it would bestow on Great Britain a grateful and loyal population in the tropics—regions to which her unemployed artisans cannot migrate but at the imminent risk of life, but regions which can supply them so many comforts, and consume so much of what their labour will produce in return.

To a great extent it would not be difficult. On the sea-coast, at least, and throughout the shores of those bays, and creeks, and rivers, that form so marked a feature in the landscape of America, cargo after cargo of negroes might be collected, glad to exchange the fetters of the stars and stripes for the freedom of the good old union-jack. On every frontier hundreds would flock to the standard of liberty, that could afford protection also. A frontier so wide cannot be defended on every point on which there is property; especially when that property is slaves—slaves able to think, to will, to move, to plan, to be free.

Let it not be supposed that war—a new scourge to inflict new miseries on mankind—is desired. These observations are intended but to prove the advantage of the position, in which the abolition of slavery and pursuit of an equitable policy have placed Great Britain. For the rest,

Let us no more contend . . . but strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe.

Peace is, indeed, a blessing that cannot be valued too highly; but it must not be bought at the expense of principle and honour; and the pride of the position of Great Britain now is, that, from having taken the lead in a course of equity, a war of principle would also be to her a war of advantage. At least, if those were advantages for which Mr. Pitt waged war—if England gained in the result of that fearful struggle in which she then engaged—there is every prospect of her gaining in similar results by a war with the United States in defence of the rights of the enslaved African. She needs not to invade American territory: she has but to defend her own, and people it with the liberated slaves of her adversary. To humiliate a foe is not the object, but to vindicate humanity; and in vindicating the rights of the oppressed, she would morally and physically, in opinion and in fact, best increase her own power, and best relieve the necessities of her own people. What new mines of wealth would spring up in her West Indian colonies, if slavery were extinguished throughout the Western World! What people would then rival the energies of British industry in the fair field of negro freedom and civilization which she has preoccupied? Who knows what the weight of moral position might effect in those large and fertile islands girding the Caribbean Sea, Cuba, and St. Domingo, and Porto Rico? As large as England, rich in soil, and mines, and variety of productions, they are already trembling at the proximity of more equitable government; and the republic of Hayti, to communicate with which we were afraid as slave-owners, is now afraid of open intercourse with us because our fellow subjects are free. Let each rise into its just importance with a population of African descent looking up to England as the protector of the interests of Africans. The possession of these islands has been an object of ambition. Now, it may not need to invade territory or usurp sovereignty. Let property be secure to encourage enterprise, and profitable markets be opened for the produce of industry, and Great Britain will reap the harvest of the justice of which she first sowed the seeds, and of the humanity she planted and spread abroad over the world.—*United Service Magazine.*

LEIPSIK FAIR.

THE town in itself (or personal liking has prejudiced me) has a quaint, cheerful, and friendly appearance. Within the walls, high richly-decorated houses and old churches

seem almost topling over each other, so thickly are they set. Without, where the ramparts were, is an irregular pleasure-ground, spreading out in some places to such a respectable amplitude, as to secure privacy for the walker. Beyond this belt is another ring, made up of houses, some of them set in gardens, richly dressed and full of flowers; the prettiest, most inviting residences which kind hearts and distinguished musicians could find. The town is rich in both. There I found that cheerful, simple, unselfish, and intelligent artistic life which many have been used to imagine as universally German. Leipsic has no court to stiffen its social circles into formality, or to hinder its presiding spirits from taking free way: on the other hand, it possesses a university to stir its intelligences, a press busy and enterprising, and a recurrence of those gatherings which bring a representative of every class of society in Europe together. These last can hardly pass over—be they for mere money-getting, be they for mere merry-making—without disturbing the settlement of that stagnant and pedantic egotism into which the strongest of minds are apt to sink when the wheel of life moves too slowly, or the circle of cares is too narrow.

To be sure, the first moments of my arrival at Leipsic in 1839 were unpropitious enough. I had come from Berlin without stopping. It was a lowering, showery afternoon; and, finding it impossible to gain any hotel accommodation, I was transferred by the most indefatigable of all landlords—him, I mean, of the *Hôtel de Bavière*—to a lodging, four stories high, close in his neighbourhood. The common staircase which led to my nest was dark and ruinous, and of course an inch thick with dirt, since every room in every story of the house was occupied by its own trader or traders. The floor of my chamber, too, when I reached it, was under water; and an old skinny bare-legged *Sycorax* was paddling about in slippers, on pretence of making every thing clean, as she paddled about whooping to an old man as miserable-looking as herself, and, moreover, imbued thoroughly with tobacco. There was no remaining to witness the issue of these operations; so, having deposited my baggage high and dry above the reach of the flood, taking it for granted that somehow or other the place would be made habitable before bed-time (*box-time* one ought to call it in Germany), I strolled out to search for a dinner, and to study the humours of the fair.

I do not remember to have been ever more thoroughly amused than during that walk. Sympathizing, to a childish degree, in Charles Lamb's passion for shop-window prospects and the human countenance, I

was arrested at every step by the high buildings, with wares of every conceivable quality streaming out of every window, from garret to cellar:—food for the mind in books, pleasure for the eye in prints, Nuremberg toys, and that many-coloured Bohemian glass which makes the booths where it is exhibited, glitter like Aladdin's palace;—clothing for the body, in the shape of furs, woollen goods, knitted garments of form and use totally unintelligible to English eyes, and magnificent lengths of glaring calico which "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" may accept, if he be willing, for pageant banners when day begins to close in. Then the vendors! Here were peasantesses, presiding over their homely wares, in enormous winged caps, with long streamers, or tight forehead-bands of black lace, and every variety of tunic, joseph, petticoat, polonaise, and Hessian boot. There was a man—Heaven knows whence!—from head to heel of the colour of mud, with a huge hat, like an over-ripe mushroom in shape, not half covering his long unkempt hair,—who stopped and pressed every one to buy his mousetraps, in a deep melancholy voice that at once put to flight all the notions of *brigandage* and black-guardism which a first glance excited. Close behind, a couple of Jews, in their glossy camel gaberdines and high-furred caps, made excellent painters' figures: one of the pair with a long yellow beard, so glossy and crisp and curling as to form a wonderful feature in a picture, however ill it assorted with the keen small eyes and the hooked physiognomy belonging to "the tribes;" while the chin of his companion, who was pale as a ghost and spectrally thin, was garnished—it might have been for contrast's sake—with a luxury of black hair. The next trader, perhaps, was a grave and stately Oriental, in his flowing robes and white turban, sitting patiently behind his stall of pipe *waaren*, or gliding up—the most courteous of merchants—with essenced amulets and necklaces of black clay, hanging in cataracts over the edge of his pedlar's box. Among the people I most liked to meet in the fair, were the Tyrolese. One establishment or brotherhood of four great brawny audacious men stands before me as I write, with their steeple hats pranked out with nosebags, and their round jackets, their leather girdles, and their velvetene breeches, displaying clean white stockings and calves to set up a score of Irish chairmen;—the most impudent, merriest, best-natured disciples of Autolychus that ever went forth to bamboozle or amuse the world of Dorcas and Mopsas. One of them—some six feet high—had a particular propensity to creep into the hotels at high dinner-tide, and to worm himself into the

thickest of the crowd, where the prettiest women were to be found; tempting them, like his archtype, to buy "a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves," with impudent flatteries there was no resisting. All the world knows, ever since the days of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, how relishing even a dustman's compliment may be! And my friend admired the small wrists and the white hands to such good purpose, that brisk was the trade he drove, and many the pair of rotten gloves and trumpery bracelets he would get rid of, ere discovery of his presence overtook him, and the eager perspiring crowd of *hellners*, enraged at being interrupted in their service, began to abuse him and to order him out. Not a step would he budge, having taken up a good position. More than once, an absolute chase ensued to clear the room, when the varlet, suddenly diving under one of the tables, presented his waggish face and his box at the other side, in some corner so inaccessible, with such a pertinacious determination to make good his ground, that resistance was in vain, and he was permitted to finish his traffic in triumph. I ought to be rather ashamed to own the acquaintance; but, after one of these *escapades*, whether he had seen encouragement and diversion in my face I know not, my friend the Tyrolean never after met me in the street without choosing to stride along by my side for a considerable distance, laughing and chattering like a magpie, and offering to carry for me whatever I might happen to have in my hand.

Nor are such groups as these the only ones which make the Leipsic fair so amusing to all who love to study character. The strangers and guests are as miscellaneous as the traders. He must indeed be a lonely man, or have lived all his life in the tarry-at-home circle of his county, who can escape from picking up there some old acquaintance or some new friend. The number of known and unexpected faces the pilgrim will meet, swept away by the next wave of arrivals, is not the least of the attractions of the place and the time, which make him feel, ere he has been four and twenty hours in Leipsic, as if he had been familiar with it all his life! One day it will be his lot, perhaps, at table to face a pair of the cold, thoroughly-dressed figures whom he has left doing their part in crowding the London season without animating it; another, his acquaintance, who sixteen years ago came to England to learn its language and mercantile business, will turn up; another, the discoverer, who, when they parted last, was bound for the Andes or the North Pole; another, the artist or *artiste*, whom he has at home admired at a distance in concert-room or theatre. If, indeed, he be a musician, he is sure of in-

teresting encounters at the fair of Leipsic; and no wonder, since in that town, as I knew it, resides the heart of Northern Germany's musical vitality.—H. F. Chorley.

INNSBRUCK.

INNSBRUCK, the little capital of the northern Tyrol, may be called a handsome town, although there is but one broad principal street, which runs directly through it. The situation is peculiar, occupying the centre of a plain, perhaps not more than two, certainly less than three miles across, and bounded by mountains on each side, which, just at this place, would seem to have receded from the valley of the inn, to make room for the site of the town. This fine river washes one of its sides, and separates it from a suburb of considerable extent. The buildings, particularly those which flank the long broad street, are more substantial and in better taste than one would be led to expect in this secluded valley.

The immediate environs of the town are rich and beautiful, interspersed with small villas in the midst of gardens smiling with cultivation, and producing all the fruits and vegetables common to the country, for the supply of the market of Innsbruck.

The mountains and the hills which bound the vale, are rich and picturesque; the former rising into rocky and jagged summits, and those on the right bank of the river increasing in height till they fall in with the Brenner Alps; many of the latter crowned with old castles, which give a combined picture of the sublime and the beautiful; others again with their rounded dome-shaped summits, covered with grass of the most brilliant green, afford a pleasing foreground to the grand and more distant features of the landscape. To crown the whole, the stranger, in walking up the grand street, sees over the roofs of the houses, and, as if overhanging the town, one enormous mountain whose summit is capped with snow, which, from its remaining there in the month of August, must be, at least, from six to seven thousand feet in height.

THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

With the exception of the churches, and perhaps the palace, there are not many public buildings of a character to attract one's attention, nor indeed is there much to admire in the architecture of the principal churches. Of these, the most interesting is the Franciscan church, which I suppose may be called the cathedral. Externally it has not much to recommend it except its magnitude, which is far beyond what one would expect to find in so small a place—though not, I believe, strictly speaking, a dome church or cathedral: it is a composi-

tion of Grecian and Gothic architecture, and of no particular order in either. Within there is more than enough to gratify curiosity. In the middle of the central aisle, which is capacious, the stranger's eye is instantly caught by two rows of gigantic bronze statues, mostly in armour, much larger than life, not less and some of them more than seven feet; and between the rows there appears a large marble sarcophagus, bearing on its surface a kneeling bronze figure with the face towards the altar.

BRONZE STATUES AND BAS-RELIEFS.

The number of these bronze statues is twenty-eight, fourteen on each side of the tomb. They are said to have been cast by a native Tyrolese artist, of the name of Löffler, in the early part of the sixteenth century, which, if so, must give to them an interest that otherwise their merit (considerable as it is) might not perhaps have conveyed. They consist of twenty males and eight females. They are all, or nearly so, connected somehow or other with the Maximilian family, either directly or by marriage, beginning with Rudolph of Habsburgh, the founder of the dynasty.

The first, on the right-hand row, is old Clovis of France, but how he comes there I know not. On the same side, a little lower down, is Arthur, called here King of England, which, though a misnomer, I was not disposed to doubt: he was worthy to be a true Briton, being by far the best set up and the most symmetrical figure in the whole group; but how they got hold of the name of Arthur, the last king of the Silures, would not be easy to discover; or, indeed, of him of the Round Table—for Owen, in his "Cambrian Biography," says there were two—the real King of Britain, and the fabulous one of the ancient poets; the latter of whom Geoffrey of Monmouth contributed chiefly to bring into notice, though he had been celebrated long before his time, and said to be "more known in Asia than in Britain—the east and the west talk of him—Egypt and the Bosphorus are not silent—Rome, the mistress of cities, sings his actions—Antioch, Armenia, Palestine, celebrate his deeds." Hume is doubtful of his existence, and Gibbon seems to think we must at least give up his valiant knights and his Round Table.

After all, might it not be as Addison suggests (if the manly age of the figure was not against it), that the effigy named the King of England was meant for Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry the Seventh, and elder brother of Henry the Eighth, who had espoused the Infanta Catherine of Arragon, fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella—not "sister of Maximilian," as Addison says, though by her marriage

connected with the Maximilian family? And if this Arthur was not "every inch a king," he was within an inch of becoming King of England.

The tomb above-mentioned is not, as I have called it, a *sarcophagus*, but rather a *cenotaph*, the remains of him it commemorates being interred elsewhere. It was erected to the memory of the Emperor Maximilian the First, by his grandson Ferdinand I. The tomb is of white Carrara marble, twelve or thirteen feet long, and about six feet high. On the sides and ends are twenty-four compartments, in each of which is a bas-relief of well-designed subjects and very superior workmanship, at least twenty of them are so in the opinion of artists who have examined them carefully. They are, in fact, pictures possessing all the qualities of a painting with the exception of colour, being carved out of the most clear and beautiful white marble. They are all historical subjects, and represent not only the great public events of the life of Maximilian—his battles, sieges, treaties, and alliances with other powers;—but also his private and domestic events, marriages, fêtes, &c.

The skill exhibited in the composition of these medallions is admirable; the figures of men and horses are exquisitely beautiful; the latter absolutely in motion, and all their equipments minutely detailed and brought out. I was particularly struck with that which represents the procession of the Princess Margaret on her return from the court of France to the palace of Maximilian. In this group the horses, the trappings, their riders, and their dresses, had the appearance of a picture taken from the life, and all as if in motion.

Another is equally fine: the marriage of Philip le Bel, son of Maximilian, with Joan of Castile and Arragon; and the dresses are said to be not far different from those worn at the time, which the artist must have obtained from some museum, or graphical description. These bas-reliefs are all of the same size, apparently about fifteen by ten inches. The kneeling statue on the tomb, in the attitude of prayer, is, of course, that of the emperor.

All these beautiful bas-reliefs, with the exception of four, which are easily distinguishable as inferior to the rest, are the work of Alexander Colin, a native of Malines, whose name, notwithstanding these and other sublime productions of his labour, is scarcely to be found in any of the historical or biographical accounts of painters or sculptors—productions so ingeniously conceived, so exquisitely grouped, so elaborately and beautifully executed, that no pencil, however minute and delicate, with all the advantage of colouring, could convey a more correct conception of what was

intended. They may be compared with the Napoleon medals on a large scale.

LEGEND OF MAXIMILIAN.

The mountain spoken of as overhanging Innsbruck is called Sollstein-berg, a part of which is named Martinswand, or Martin's-wall, a steep precipice of not less than a thousand feet, and has given rise to a legendary tale, which, having seemingly the sanction of the Capuchin monks as a miraculous interference, it would not, I suppose, be safe to disbelieve. But as all legends have some foundation, however slight, in fact, so had this:—The Emperor Maximilian, when archduke, was exercising his favourite pursuit after the chamois on this mountain; in his anxiety to follow the animals he got himself entangled amongst the narrow paths and ledges of this precipice, so as to be unable either to proceed or retrace his steps, and was missing for some time from the Capuchin convent, where, it is said, he was frequently accustomed to take up his abode. Maximilian, after he became emperor, is supposed to have encouraged his secretaries to write accounts of his numerous adventures, escapes, and feats of chivalry. Many of these have been published, and in them "he is exhibited," says Cox, "as being endowed with supernatural faculties, and moving in a superior sphere, like the heroes who figure in eastern fable and the annals of chivalry: thus, he is said to have assaulted lions in their cages, and forced them to repress their native ferocity; he fell from towers unhurt; he escaped from shipwreck and from fire; and when lost amid the rocks and precipices of Tyrol, whither he had penetrated in his favourite occupation of hunting the chamois, and on the point of perishing with hunger and fatigue, he is extricated by an angel in the shape of a peasant boy."

This peasant boy of the name of Zyps, was a sufficient foundation for the legendary tale promulgated, it may be supposed, by the Capuchins, one of whose fraternity produced the miracle of releasing the unfortunate archduke, suspended by the heels from a ledge, with his head downwards, by administering to him the sacramental cake and the whole paraphernalia of the Viaticum, from the bottom of the precipice, in consequence of which this Ariel or angel flew down with him in his arms. The name of Zyps is said to be still extant on the pension list of Maximilian.

CAPUCHIN CONVENT.

We were curious to look at the Capuchin convent, connected as it had been with two German emperors—Maximilian and Francis. It stands in the main street, towards the upper end, its front occupying a

considerable extent. We were admitted without difficulty, and were immediately struck with the general neat and comfortable appearance of the building. The walls were carefully whitewashed, pure as snow. The corridors, into which the several cells or apartments of the monks open, being of great length, and kept purely and perfectly white, have a cheerful and pleasing effect. The apartments in which the monks sleep and pass their time, when they wish to be alone, were all locked but one, which had the key in it, but we were prevented from looking in, by being told that its owner was unwell, and most likely in his room. The rest of the fraternity were at supper, and we were told that from the *cuisine*—an excellent one, fit for any of our clubs—we might see them seated at table, unknown to them and unobserved.

Accordingly we went thither, and looking through a small hole in a sort of revolving dumb-waiter in the wall, by which the dishes are passed into the dining-room smoking hot from the kitchen, we could see what was passing. This luxury, I was going to say, had not reached the refinement of modern days, in our own country, but I recollect breakfasting with the late Sir William Curtis on board his yacht, in Plymouth Sound, and had mutton chops sent into the cabin from the kitchen by a similar kind of roundabout, one at a time, hot and hot; Sir William observing, that a mutton chop was not eatable unless served up broiling hot from the gridiron.

At the upper end of the hall, which was one of considerable size, and panelled with oak, we observed, sitting at a cross-table, a venerable looking monk with a bald head and flowing bushy beard, grey with the lapse of years, whom we rightly supposed to be the superior of the convent. On his left sat two others, somewhat less venerable in appearance than himself. A few others sat below them, at the cross-table, and from thirty to forty occupied seats in one long line down the side of the room, with their backs to the wall. The whole assembly wore their long hooded cloaks, and all had bushy beards. Some few were yet young, and one we noticed was without either cloak or beard; probably a guest or a novice. They all seemed to be very happy and comfortable at their meal, laughing and chatting to one another, but quietly and without noise.

Our friends in the kitchen were clothed in hooded cloaks precisely similar, of the usual snuff-brown colour, and wore sandals, but did not apparently cultivate the growth of their beards, nor yet trouble themselves much in passing a razor over them, for their chins, though certainly *not* "new reap'd," nevertheless

"Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home."

We were told that each of the Capuchin monks is allowed two bottles of wine a-day—a very fair share; but it must be borne in mind that the wines of the country are of a thin quality.

Attached to the convent is a neat little garden for the monks to take exercise; and in one part, under a shaded alcove, is a small skittle-ground, where they amuse themselves during their hours of recreation. One old gentleman was here walking about—possibly the one whom we thought to be in his cell; he was full of years in appearance, much bent in body, and showed every sign of having attained an unusual advanced age. Whilst in the garden, and before we found our way into the kitchen, we had passed the windows of the dining-room, and observed the monks at supper. Our laquais-de-place (for we were not above employing one, to save time and trouble) asked the sage old friar if we might go and peep in at the windows?—not a very proper request, it must be admitted; but his reply was, that “there could be nothing to see, as there was but one way of eating.”—*Barrow's Tyrol.*

The Gatherer.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on the Christian that the calm at sea hath on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder and goes to sleep.—*Bishop Horne.*

It is not known generally, that the Affghanistan territory is mentioned in Scripture. It occurs in that chapter of Kings which relates the life of King Solomon, chap. 9, v. 13:—“And Hiram came out from Tyre to see the cities which Solomon had given him, and they pleased him not. And he said, What cities are these thou hast given me, my brother? And he called them the land of Caubul unto this day.”

The Paymaster of the 71st Regiment, stationed at St. John's, Upper Canada, has transmitted to Paisley 80*l.*, being the amount of a subscription made by the officers and men for the relief of the poor of that town. The subscriptions of the non-commissioned officers and privates exceeded 62*l.*

The following are the most celebrated promenades of the chief nations of Europe and Asia:—The Bois de Boulogne in France; the Garden of the Dead at Constantinople; the Gardens at Kensington; the Prater in the suburbs of Vienna, situated on one of the islands of the Danube; the Wood of the Falcons at Moscow; and the Prado in Spain.

An establishment for trying the cold-water system of cure is about to be formed at Cheltenham.

Novel Freight.—The Great Western took out for New York no less than a ton of quack pills, on which the sum of seven guineas freight was paid.

Peruvian Mummy.—A Peruvian mummy has been brought to Liverpool for investigation. It is unlike the mummies of Egypt, a perfect embalmed body, without wrappers, and was discovered at Pisco in a chalk tomb, together with a wooden idol, a comb of porcupine quills, and a distaff, on which was a quantity of very fine thread or cotton, which crumbled into dust.—*Literary Gazette.*

New Order of Merit.—The King of Prussia has founded a special class of the order *Pour le Mérite*, to be conferred on persons who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and arts. The number of the members of the German nation is fixed at thirty. To enhance the splendour of the order, it will also be conferred on eminent foreigners, the number of whom is not fixed, but is never to exceed that of the German members. On the death of a German member, the vacancy must be filled up; on the death of a foreigner this is not necessary. Among the foreign members on the class of sciences (including, it seems, the *belles lettres*) are R. B. Faraday, Sir J. Herschell, members of the Royal Society of London, and Mr. Thomas Moore. Baron Alexander Von Humboldt is appointed chancellor, and Mr. Cornelius, the eminent painter, vice-chancellor, of this, which is to be called “The Peace Class of the order *Pour le Mérite*.” The order, as originally constituted, was exclusively for the army; but his majesty, by the present extension of the statutes, is manifestly conforming to the views of the august founder, Frederick the Great, who was a great patron and promoter of the arts and sciences; and this new class is accordingly founded in honour of the tenth anniversary of that monarch's accession to the throne.—*Prussian State Gazette.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much pleased with the spirit of “J. C.'s” lines, but in poetical merit they fall rather short of our standard.

The verses signed “Maria R.—,” though not eligible, contain some good lines, and the thought is very poetic.

“J. J.,” “W. H. M.,” “C. A.,” “P. T.,” “G. N. N.,” “R. M.,” “Q—Z.,” declined, with thanks.

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